
Title: Ettin too, Brutus

Author: Ulysses DeBow

It had been by some
strange spell that i found
myself on another world.
As if some electrical
magic had transferred my
being to another mirror
image of what i called
home. But this was not
home.

I had met an aged
wanderer who had called
this world "his shard". I
thought him mad.

But now I stood facing
a strange foe that
wreaked of stench and
evil. A filthy creature
with matted dank earthen
fur as two semian
heads eyed me with
malice and contempt.

There was no reason
there. Only the insane
echoes of destruction in
his mind, that matched in
intensity with his
deafening roar. I had but
a few bolts and my
strength had nearly faded
away. My faithful horse
moved in unison with me,
and a few of my bolts
had found their mark.
To an outsider, it would
have seemed some strang
macabre dance. To me it
was a prelude to my
death.

With my last ounce of
strength I pulled back the
lever of my crossbow
until my arm muscles
were as taught as the
strings on my weapon.
The loud click notified my
of my weapons readiness.
My foe was fast upon
me.

With a final grunt, i
aimed my bolt at one of
the creatures dense and
filthy heads.

I could feel the
concussion of impact as
the projectile struck my
enemies head.

He stared at me blankly
for an eternal couple
seconds before falling
lifelessly to the ground.

After my strength
returned, I searched the
body of dirt and muscle
bound fur.

I found a bottle that
refreshed me, and a map
i could not decipher...

Also i found a blank
book, which now contains
the recording of my
adventure with what i
now know as an ettin..
I know nothing of this
world except with
ettins,,,, in this case-
two heads were not
better than one... hehe